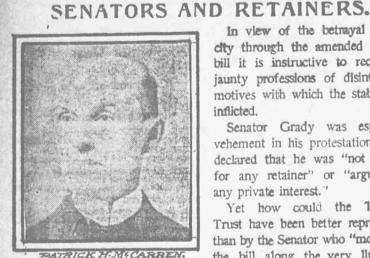
WARTE CARREN SMAH STATES

Subhaned by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 63 Park Row, New York, Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter

VOLUME 46 NO. 16,292.



In view of the betrayal of the city through the amended Elsberg bill it is instructive to recall the jaunty professions of disinterested motives with which the stabs were

Senator Grady was especially vehement in his protestations. He declared that he was "not talking for any retainer" or "arguing in any private interest."

Yet how could the Traction Trust have been better represented than by the Senator who "modified" the bill along the very lines on

which it was to the trust's advantage to have it modified? How could the merger interests have been better served than by Cooper, whose enthusiastic support of the bill during its first consideration by the Cities Committee underwent a sudden sea change? His

qualms were appeased by the amended bill. How could the trust have been better served than by the vote of the old guard-Grady, Martin, Fitzgerald, Cullen, McCarren, Cooper, Gardner and Hasenflug-to make its monopoly absolute?

Retainers or none, these Senators performed the services expected of men under retainer. They roted as the tools of a trust are looked to to vote. What more could paid agents have done to smooth the way of monopoly than they did?

How long is the city to put up with the corporate ownership of Senators? When shall we have an experiment in municipal ownership at Albany-ownership of Senators by the city for the city, with a whipperin to keep the pack in line for the city with a zeal like that of the present corporation "whip"?

12,000 FROM OVER SEA.

Twelve thousand new American citizens from Europe in a day! Enough to fill the Hippodrome, the Mefropolitan Opera-House, Carnegie Music Hall, together with an overflow audience sufficient to crowd Daly's.

Enough children in the number to fill a modern schoolhouse to its capacity. A new tax on the overcrowded hospitals, on the city's charity resources, on its jails.

But on the other hand a new source of revenue. For each of these new mouths to feed there must be provided in the course of the year \$18 worth of breadstuffs, \$8 worth of meat and \$20 worth of dairy and other foods; \$17 worth of clothes. To satisfy all their needs, reckoned at a minimum of \$98, will require \$1,176,000 annually.

This sum and more they must earn and pay to American clothlers, butchers, bakers, farmers and manufacturers. Some of it will be made in this city, some of it dug out of Pennsylvania mines and Western farms.

But in the end it will be added to the sum total of national wealth. In all estimates as to whether we are swallowing more than we can digest in the matter of European immigration the economic aspect of the prob-Iem presented by the newcomers must be borne in mind.

LABELS ON MEDICINE BOTTLES.

Why should there be opposition to a legislative bill prescribing that patent medicine bottles containing alcohol or narcotic drugs shall bear labels to that effect?

Is it feared that if the public is made aware just how much opium or cocaine or laudanum it is taking in daily doses it will throw them

Is it supposed that with a working diagram before its eyes of the processes by which a headache is quieted "right off" it would prefer to grin and bear the ache?

Probably not. And yet has not the public a right to know?

Back at the Old Stand?

(The Hadley Indestigation Being Over.) By J. Campbell Cory.



LETTERS from the PEOPLE ANSWERS to QUESTIONS

A Little Girl's Complaint. To the Editor of The Evening World:

I am a little girl ten years old. I

would ask readers what they would had to put two of them away. And one duties of an office, and therefore must

think of a

To the Editor of The Evening World: I am a man tharty-six years of age and have been engaged in a clerical of farming is the most profitable, and capacity for a great many years. My which is the best county in which to lohealth, however, has become such that cate in New Jersey in reference to soil, left three children and my mother health, however, has become such that without a loaf of bread. And my mother I cannot longer endure the confining &c., to attain the best results?

to take up farm life, preferring to locate somewhere in the State of New Jersey. What I desire to know from your rural readers is, Can a man by hard and intelligent labor make a comfortable living at farming? What branch 6. C. H.

"Did you send Foby to kill de

Warsak?" "Yes," chuckled Buasten. "You see, Foby risked what I dared not. He went to the Police Headquasters with my son, when he knew de Warsak would go. We knew every move anybody made. Our plans were complete. We have not even begun. The mere killing of a few men is nothing. The verthrow of a government, the actual stealing of a nation, is something," "Yes, it would seem so," said Lenox.

"Now you see the work must be carried on in Paris. Here you have the pest of us. I do not know what you will do with me. I do not care. We will do with me. I do not care. We are all ready to die for our cause."
"But," said Lenox, "I am still puszied. I cannot see that you have any cause. What is your cause? Yhat principle do you represent? What is there that aftracts a man like Foby?"
"Foby? Oh, Foby came from my own town. His name is not Foby. Never mind what his name is."
"But you have not answered all my questions."

questions."

"Oh, about the principle? We represent the absolute abolishing of everything. Sweeping away empires and establishing a free, unrestricted population of the world. All will be happy. You with your millionaires and your hungry poor are as bad as we in Russia. Sweep them away and let the people rule."

"But there must be a head. Somebody must rule. Somebody must have power."

power."

"Ah! you have it. We will have the power. We, the promoters of this great scheme for humanity. You will all be swept away. You will be of the dust of earth, and we shall sit in high places."

"Then your principle will be destroyed and you will simply supply a new arrangement of things worse than the present one."

Edusation smalled.

with your hired assassin Foby, are all

was dood.
"We have reached the end of another chapter," said Garvin, as the two friends stood over the dead man.
"Yes, one more," said Lenox, He was tired out,

A Group of Oddities in Picture and Story.

HIS is the latest photograph of has been causing the Russian police more annoyance than a whole group of hustling Nihilists could stir up. She is here represented in Japanese garb and make-up; a detail which, by itself, would scarcely tend to popufarize her just now in Russia; nor is that the worst of her offenses. Mile. Ladoiska appeared at a recent carnival ball in a dress covered with allegorical pictures of a political nature. Secret detectives immediately escorted her home, and the dress was confiscated. On the following evening she wore another costume, which repeated the offense. This was seized also.

The "Egyptian" cigarette is made of Turkish tobacco and paper manufac-tured in France or Austria and is rolled by Greeks.

Patagonian llamas live for years without tasting water, and a breed of cows near Losere, France, and noted for the richness of the milk, takes it very rarely.

white stretcher or



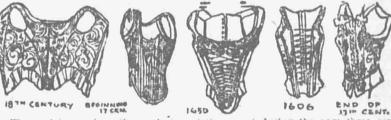
Thread made from the spider's web is lighter and stronger than that which comes from the silkworm. there is a factory used only for the manufacture of spider thread.

An automobile ambulance with a ser woman surgeon is wonder of London The car, which not greatly unlik those of the sort i vogue here, is de companying illus tration with th fair surgeon on th form is a long dar caned cloak with

bed of the ambulance is seen pro-truding through the resr doors. At Braybrooke

Church, England, is still to be seen a monster trumpet, 66 inches long, which early part of the last century to to church instead of church bells. It was also formerly used by the choir leader during service.

Twelve million six hundred thousand is the estimate of the number of the famous Rocky Ford cantaloupes shipped from the Rocky Ford district in Colorado last season. Seven hundred curs were sent out, as agains: 592 car-loads



These pictures show the evolution of the corset during the past three cer turies. Perhaps, in the twenty-second century A. D. our own present-day "straight-front" and "girdle" creations will look as old-fashioned and ridicu-

THE MOCK ORANGE BRIDGE WHIST CLUB.

By Grinnan Barrett.

(SCENE—A table during a meeting of the Mock Orange (N. J.) Bridge Whist Club, with Mrs. Becstinger. Playing—Mrs. Oliver Quiver, Mrs. Bob Darrow, Mrs. Lowlymeek and Mrs. Beestinger, the hostess. Mrs. Beestinger

RS. BOB DARROW-Your make, Mrs. Beestinger.
Mrs. Beestinger (absent-mindedly)-Yes, it is very cool for March. (To herself, inwardly)-I have a horrible presentiment that I forgot to put

any sherry in the whipped cream! Mrs. Oliver Quiver—Oh, yes, indeed, he was terribly ill for a while. We ought he was going into pneumonia, but after the doctor came—Mrs. Bob Darrow (Aside)—Great Heavens, to hear the woman talk you'd think her husband was the only man in the world that ever had a pain. (Aloud and emphatically)-As I have aleady remarked twice, Mrs. Beestinger, it is your

make. Mrs. Lowlymeek-Once my husband was taken-Mrs. Beestinger (suddenly waking up)-Oh! I beg your pardon! I make fi whipped cre-

Mrs. Beestinger (wildly)-Oh, how stupid of me! I make it hearts.

" Mrs. Bob Darrow--What?

Mrs. Lowlymeek—was taken in the middle of the night—
Mrs. Bob Darrow (bitterly)—Kindly let us temporarily suspend this sym-

osium of symptoms, ladies, and play bridge awhile. I, for one, didn't come here to attend a pulmonary clinic.

(Half a minute of play. Trumps being exhausted, Mrs. Beestinger, with here

nind on the whipped cream, leads the best spade out of the dummy hand.) Mrs. Lowlymeek (confiscating the trick)-Wrong hand-taken in the middle of the night with the most horrible Mrs. Beestinger (trying desperately to be cheerful) -- Well, it might have been

Mrs. Bob Darrow (with feeling)-I'm glad you think so!

Mrs. Lowlymeek-With the most harrible cramps, and I was so-Mrs. Oliver Quiver (off on a new tack)-I declare, I did see the dearest has

downtown to-day. One of those darling little French shapes, cocked down in front and up in the back, with an enormous bandeau on it and loads of tulle and three of the most delicious little ostrich tips-Mrs. Lowlymeek (determined to be heard)--Horrible cramps and I was see

rightened. I thought he was poisoned because he had-Mrs. Bob Darrow (in a resigned but slightly strained voice)-Of course if you

are going to introduce a millinery opening in connection with the Bureau of Vital Statistics I presume I can stand it, but I would like to play this hand out first. Kindly lead, Mrs. Beestinger, if you please!

Mrs. Beestinger (with a pronounced start)—Excuse me, my dear. (To herself) Now, I'm sure of it-I did leave the sherry out. (She leads a losing club. The second hand, taking advantage of the self-evident weakness of the dummy, likewise takes the trick and leads back her partner's suit. They take the rest of the tricks, discarding spaces and bringing the club suit in down to the deuce.) Mrs. Lowlymeek (cheerfully)--Three for us on hearts! As I was saying, I thought he was poisoned because he had been eating lobster salad and the lobster

was canned and-Mrs. Bob Darrow (in iced accents)-There's only one consolation. You do nange partners at each table. Mrs. Beestinger (sotto voce)-I know that whipped cream is going to be per-

ectly tasteless. Mrs. Lowlymeek (triumphantly taking advantage of the luli)-And the lobster was canned, and of course I thought of ptomaine poisoning. But it wasn't that

at all. He'd taken a milk punch with his lobster!

ALL-TO-THE-MERRYVILLE

By Charles R. Barnes.

ber-shop? I asked the officer.

"Certainly," he replied, and with fine courtesy he pointed out what proved to be a neat little place, with no prize-

CTING on a tip to the effect that an immense city of delightful characteristics is buried in the woods somewhere near West Point, The Evening World sent out an exploring expediction to discover it.

The Merry will be allowed at it with his aclssors I read a copy of the All-To-The-Merry ville Budget. Some of the items, which are given here, will furnish a few side lights on this unsual place.

present one."

Bussten smiled, chuckled and shook his head.

"Come," said Lenox. "We must go."
"If am rendy," said Bussten.
He rose from his chair, glanced colding at Lenox and Garvin, and turned to the table in the troom on which lay his hat and cost.
He put on the hat and took up the officer.

Lenox was watching him closely, and turned to the time in every house."

Lenox was watching him closely, the time in every house."

The car was bowling along through a plut during the few minutes Buasten had evidently given way under the third lines of his planes. He through the mighty barnyard chorus "Strawberriest hand into his coat pocket, and before are deared a."

Lenox could stop him had swallowed a. "In see changed my miffd," he said. "When the hucksters stopped shouthed with three minutes."

And he was. Lenox sent for an amply policeman, "It made the planola players ashamed of themselves and they was anything for the first manify policeman, "It made the planola players ashamed of themselves and they was ten for an amply policeman, "It made the planola players ashamed of themselves and they was ten for an amply policeman, "It made the planola players ashamed of themselves and they was ten for an amply policeman, "It made the planola players ashamed of themselves and they was ten for an amply policeman, "It made the planola players ashamed of themselves and they was ten for an amply policeman, "It made the planola players ashamed of themselves and they stopped their nuisance, too."

All the local fee dealers got together westerday and amnounced a reductive system of the local fee dealers got together with the local fee dealers and the planola players ashamed of themselves and they was ten for an amply policeman, "It made the planola players ashamed of themselves and they stopped their nuisance, too."

All the local fee dealers got together westerday and amnounced a reductive system of the local fee dealers got together westerday and amnounced a reductive of the local fee dealers got together westerday and amnounce

MIGHTSTICK and MOZZLE A Romance of Manhattan by SEWARD W. HOPKINS

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. | tion of steamers then crossing the Dave Lenox, a New York policeman, taus in love with Annie Buasten, whom he has because from a hotel fire. On learning from Annie that she is in great danger from some mysterious source, he takes her, for safe keeping, to a Mrs. Foby. Mrs. Foby lives in a yellow brick house on the west side and is a receiver of stolen goods. Her husband, Jake Foby, a criminal, has best hired by unknown persons to kill Annie Buasten. hired by unknown persons to kill Annie Buasten.

Foby and his wife lure Lenox and Annie to a ruined hovel near the Williamsburg Bridge and try to kill them. They are rescued by Dawe's chum, Garvin, a fireman Lenox vows vengeance against Foby.

Dave is summoned before the Folice Commissioner and told of a Russian plot whose promoters are in New York. He is ordered to try to track them down, especially to capture Foby, who is the conspirators' agent. The investigation is made at the request of a Russian official, Count de Wersak. As De Warsak leaves the Commissioner and enters his carriage. Foby attacks and wount's him, and then escapes with the aid of a confederate. Lenox is again ordered to capture Foby dead or alive.

Mrs. or Foby's track begging him to save the life of her son by a former marriage, whom Foby (for the sake of inheritance) wants to get out of the way. om Foby (for the sake of inheritance) nis to get out of the way.

Ins to get out of the way.

Lenox and Garvin hunt up the boy, who living temporarily on a tughoat in the st River. As they find him an emissary Foby's throws him into the river. Leaox of Garvin plunge in to rescue him.

They succeed in the attempt and, later, rest the man who attempted the murder, a latter is a deckhand, working secretly respectively. by's interests. ough the prisoner's help Lenox captures

CHAPTER XXIII.

No. 15 Hisky Street.

upper window. There was a man sitting in this room, favor if you tell me what you want." working, though the hour was now Lenox. "To begin, let me ask you to He was a gray bearded man. His remove that beard." face was one that showed thought,

eager determination, and an unscrupulous devotion to his plans. He read a litter from Paris and take it off. It is a false beard." smiled. He did not have a pleasant

smile. His face, when he smiled, was one else." cardonic-almost insane.

ocean in one direction or another. There was a ring at the bell. The man started. It was an unusual hour for a visitor. He was alone in the house.

He sat a moment and studied. Was it safe to go to the door? Was it Foby? Was it his son? The bell rang again. This time there

was a peculiar timing of the rings.

The man's face lost its anxiety, and he went to the door. "Helio, have you-what"-He tried to slam the door. A strong foot was in the way, and a powerful

arvn swung back the door. "Gosslevsky, you are my prisoner, said the calm voice of Lenox, as he and Garvin forced themselves into the hall. "The jig is up. We've got your son and we've got Foby, and now we've

ingly. "We want you," said Lenox. Gosslevsky turned and slowly led the

way upstairs. He went into the same the beard." room where he had been studying. "Gentlemen," he said, "pardon my temporary rudeness. I did not expect THE house at No. 15 Hisky street was gloomy enough save for the visitors, and to be told at this hour of single light that shone from the the morning that I was a prisoner was disconcerting. I shall consider it a

"Remove my beard? You mean to

"No, I do not mean to shave. I mean "Ah, no. You mistake me for som

"For that matter, you are some one He studied maps. He looked over sea else. You are Buasten, who lived on charts. He marked the probable hose Fifty-second street. Take off your Lenox. "Now tell me a few things Yes, she knew too much. Heckhose the work."



"You need not take me to jail. I will be dead in three minutes!" beard. I want to talk to you." "I am not Buasten."

"I say you are. Don't fight. Don't show a gun. I will shoot you in an instant if you try a triok. Take off There was a moment of silence. It was such a silence as is usually called

The man was cornered and he knew it. He suddenly laughed pleasantly. "I see it is all up. I know you. You are the man on post. You knew me. You are the man who carried Annie

from the Bastick fire." "You are also the man who shot Heckhoss." Lenox."

With another laugh, half desperate from his face. "I know you now as Buasten," said heard us speak and knew too much, fulners. However, others will take up

while we are sitting together. If you, and she had quarrelled and he asked nswer truthfully it will help you later." her to go to reassure her. It was a good scheme. Then he was to turn her "What do you want to know?" "What relation is Annie to you?" over to Foby. Foby was to drop her "She is my niece."

Why did you wish to kill her?" "She knew too much. She was a menace to me. I tell you I had the empire of the world in my hands. With a few more removals of the rich who were supplying money for the people of Russia we should have had them so impotent to defend themselves that our party could overthrow the government, sweep out those who own the land, and London we have many. It is new in pecome ourselves the ruling people.'

"Let me ask this," said Lenox. "If York, but with the money being poured it was Heckhoss I shot that night, why out for the Jews in Russia and for

to kill her?" "It was my plan," said the mad

"Well, if that was his name. I am did he take Annie to the theatre and those who received this help our then to the restaurant if he was going chances decreased. We want Russia alf amused, the man tore his beard man, rubbing his hands. "It was a and the Grand Dukes killed. We will good plan. Annie was afraid. She had see it: But you have ended my use-

in the river. But Foby is a fool,'

Then you and Heckhoss and Krobb

who formed the New York end of this

"Yes. We are strong in Paris. In

New York. We had not feared New

"Well, who is Krobb?"

The man's face paled.

"Krobb-is my son."

plot?

impoverished. We want to see the people stanving. We want to see the Czar